

# MEREDITH EAGLE.

VOL. III.

MEREDITH, N. H., MONDAY, JUNE 26, 1882.

NO. 8.

## Meredith Eagle.

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**M. H. CALVERT,**  
Editor and Manager.

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**C. H. KIMBALL,**  
Publisher.

45 P. O. Address, Plymouth, N. H.

Mrs. J. H. LADD,  
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124 Main, opp. Mill Street,  
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TEBBETT'S  
**Photograph Rooms.**  
New and varied back ground scenery.  
The best work at reasonable figures.  
Copying and enlarging a specialty.  
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J. HENRY STORY & CO.,  
DEALER IN  
**Drugs & Medicines,**  
Chemicals, Fancy Goods, Perfumery, and in  
fact every thing usually found at a  
first-class apothecary store.  
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(Late J. S. Brown)  
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Second-hand Furniture a specialty, for which  
I pay cash, or take in exchange for goods or  
work. The Celebrated  
Harwood Chair Seating. [e]  
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MONUMENTS, GRAVESTONES, MANTLES,  
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OPP. TOWN HALL, - PLYMOUTH, N. H.

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**Soluble Pacific Guano**  
A FIRST RATE FERTILIZER.

For Corn, Potatoes, Wheat, Rye,  
Oats, and all kinds of Vegetables  
and Flowers, and an excellent top  
dressing for Grass-land. Please try  
it, and satisfy yourselves.  
For Sale by  
**DANIEL NORRIS, AGENT.**  
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**Special Bargains**  
—IN—  
**STOVES, RANGES,**  
FURNACES,  
Tin, Glass, Britannia, Wooden and  
Hollow Ware, Table Cutlery,  
And  
Kitchen Furnishing  
Goods  
OF ALL KINDS.  
Tin Roofing and Jobbing a Specialty.  
Sole Agents for the Celebrated  
"NEW HUB"  
Stoves and Ranges,  
The best in the World.  
**J. A. MITCHELL,**  
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AND FINE  
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## MEREDITH MATTERS.

Mrs. Cate is very ill.  
Leavitt Dolloff has recovered.  
F. B. Wilson has sold out to Al  
Cox.

G. F. Smith of Boston was recent  
ly here.  
Henry Bard lately graduated at  
Meriden.

The Gracie's boat house has been  
painted.  
There is too much trash around  
the scullery.

Mrs. Langdon Robinson is ill of  
lung disease.  
James Hinchcliff has moved into  
Prescott's block.

Mr. Kidder has improved so he  
can labor again.  
O. N. Roberts has a valuable  
Hambledon colt.

Mrs. Mattie Roberts has added a  
piazza to her house.  
This vicinity was well repre-  
sented at the late circus.

The Free Will Baptist church is  
to have a new pulpit.  
Edwin Cox lately took 8 summer  
boarders to Gilman Farm.

Children's Day at the Free Will  
Baptist church yesterday.  
Willis Robinson's new four boat  
is now floating in the lake.

C. J. Robinson has become special  
police at Cambridge, Mass.  
F. B. Wilson will do barber work  
in New Hampton this week.

Hazen Sturtevant and A. M. Pres-  
cott have been procuring horses.  
Pierce and Lang have nearly fin-  
ished the Osagee mountain road.

G. W. Bartlett is working for O.  
K. Gernell, nurseryman, Portland.  
J. R. Colby has fixed up his  
house and bought more land of Col.  
Stevens.

A new driving belt and necessary  
repairs for the plow shop are being  
attended to.  
Col. Stevens has erected a memo-  
rial over his late intelligent  
Newfoundland dog.

The hose tower, 30 feet, besides  
flag staff, will be built on the street  
side of the engine house.  
Dr. Mason has a sore hand caused  
by a bar of iron falling on it while  
working on the road.

The Free Will Baptist society  
will furnish ice cream and cake at  
their vestry each Saturday evening.  
Dr. Carey read a paper at the late  
meeting of the N. H. Dental society  
in Concord and was elected its lib-  
rarian.

Isaac Blake of Warren, Wyant,  
Wolsom of Laconia, and A. M. Pres-  
cott of Somerville, Mass., have been  
here.

"Among the Breakers" and "The  
Ethiopian Barber" did not pay ex-  
penses at the Town Hall the other  
night.

Sam Hodgson has returned from  
Washington and reports the pros-  
pect for knit goods in the tariff fa-  
vorable.

William Cate has rented and taken  
possession of Levi Plummer's  
store, and has also bought out Al  
Bittman.

Willie Moses lately caught over  
90 pounds of black bass in Lake  
Walker, the largest of which  
weighed over three pounds.

A little boy undertook to rob a  
bird's nest the other day but was  
driven off by the old bird, partly  
falling out of the tree besides.

The higher department of the sum-  
mer school has closed. The losses  
sustained by Mrs. Grant's school  
will be made up in the other schools.

E. Bickford, A. S. Clough and J.  
Erskine were chosen a committee to  
nominate officers for the public li-  
brary at a late meeting and will re-  
port to-morrow night at 7:30  
o'clock.

The sidewalk in front of Mison's  
store is being extended to the  
bridge and there is talk of cutting  
down certain trees, etc., that it is  
hoped will not be done if it can pos-  
sibly be avoided.

Mrs. J. S. Prescott has returned  
from Somerville, Mass., and her  
daughter from Columbia, S. C.,  
where they have been spending the  
winter, the latter for her health  
which is much improved.

The Gracie has been licensed to  
carry 75 passengers and engineers'  
certificates have been granted by  
H. Worrall and E. W. Thayer by  
the State Inspector. The whole out-  
fit is highly praised by him and she  
is said to be strong enough to cross  
the Atlantic.

Jumbo, the big elephant who is now  
the sensation of the hour, the child-  
ren's pet, etc., has seen many a small  
boy grow to manhood and may prob-  
ably see them grow old and gray and  
still remain a youthful, gay masher  
himself. Mr. M. H. Calvert remem-  
bered when he was but a child in Lon-  
don being taken by his nurse to the  
Zoological Gardens, both of them  
mounting a ladder placed against Jum-  
bo's body and then taking a seat in a  
sort of improvised room which was  
strapped on his back. When the room  
was full Jumbo would walk around  
the gardens with his little house on his  
back and then return to the starting  
point for another load. This was great  
fun for the children and a lucrative  
amusement for Jumbo's master.

HEREDITARY TRAITS AND OTHER ESSAYS.  
By Richard A. Proctor. Price 15  
cents. J. Fitzgerald & Co., Publishers,  
30 Lafayette Place, New York.

Among all the popular expositors of  
Science in the English language, there  
is no author who excels Proctor in  
charm of style, in breadth of scholar-  
ship or in the faculty of making even  
the more arduous problems of science  
easy for the intelligence of the general  
reader. His latest work is the most  
admirable collection of essays named  
above, forming No. 32 of the series of  
cheap reprints of popular scientific  
works, known as the Humboldt Lib-  
rary, for sale by all booksellers and  
stationers.

## LINCOLN.

Summer boarders are making their ap-  
pearance among us again and they have  
eaten at the Flume House now.

The handsome advertising cards we  
have ever seen are published by Dr. J. C.  
Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., who will  
send a set of them to any address on re-  
ceipt of letter stamp.

The Art Amateur for June contains  
a finely illustrated notice of the Paris  
Salon, with special reference to the  
pictures by American artists and to  
this country. Other exhibitions in  
Paris, New York and Philadelphia are  
also vividly criticized. There are  
capital practical articles on modelling  
in clay and amateur photography, and  
some timely hints on the decoration of  
country "boxes" are given, together  
with the first of a series of articles of  
illuminated manuscripts, supplement-  
ed by valuable hints for amateur illu-  
minators. The departments of Ceram-  
ics, Beis-a-bronze, Needlework and Art  
in Dress are well filled, and the usual  
liberality of designs for china paint-  
ing, embroidery and general decora-  
tion completes a fine number of this  
deservedly popular art magazine.

Price, \$1 a year; single numbers, 35  
cents. Montague Marks, Publishers  
23 Union Square, New York.

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Get the most beautiful hair as a perfect Hair Restorer and  
Dressing. Assured for its cures and cures. Parker's  
Balm is the best for the hair. It is the best for the hair.  
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FOR  
Diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

**AYER'S**  
CHERRY  
PECTORAL.

In diseases of the pul-  
monary organs a safe  
and reliable remedy is  
invaluable. AYER'S  
CHERRY PECTORAL is  
such a remedy, and no  
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the most effective prin-  
ciples of the most effec-  
tive and curative vir-  
tues of the finest drugs,  
chemically united, and  
such power as to insure  
the greatest possible  
efficiency and uniform-  
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at the foundation of all  
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ordinary Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat,  
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are magical, and many a life has been  
saved from serious illness by its  
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at hand in every household for the pro-  
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In Whooping-cough and Consumption  
there is no other remedy so efficacious,  
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sure to deceive and disappoint the patient.  
Diseases of the throat and lungs demand  
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gerous experimenting with unknown and  
cheap medicines, from the great liability that  
these diseases may while so treated with,  
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AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and you may  
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standard medical preparation, of known and  
acknowledged curative power, and is as  
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ingredients will allow. Eminent physicians,  
knowing its composition, prescribe it in their  
practice. The cost of half a century of  
proven its absolute certainty to cure all pul-  
monary complaints not already beyond the  
reach of human aid.

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the most humorous book of the present day,  
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A GOLD WATCH FREE.

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book, containing nearly 2,000 valuable Recipes,  
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Having completed our purchases from the  
latest importations in the New York Market, we  
can now supply as cheap as any establishment  
everything in the line of  
Flowers, Hats, Bonnets and Ribbons  
FOR SUMMER WEAR.  
Good Assortment of Hair Goods.  
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A RELIABLE REMEDY  
FOR ALL  
DISEASES OF THE  
SKIN,  
Such as Tetter, Pimples, Sores,  
Blisters,  
Eruptions,  
Itch, Scalds,  
Burns, Ulcers,  
and all other  
skin diseases.

SWAYNE'S  
OINTMENT.  
OF THE SKIN  
CAN BE  
THE MOST  
EFFECTIVE  
REMEDY  
FOR ALL  
SKIN  
DISEASES.  
THE GREAT  
CURE  
FOR ITCHING  
AND ALL  
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## Epping Forest.

On May 6, the 5,600 acres of land to the northeast of London known as Epping Forest was declared free to the public. The value of this immense tract of land, from a scientific point of view, lies in its wildness. By far the greater portion is primitive woodland, which has been but little interfered with by man in comparison with the heaths and commons to the north, west and south of London. Such an expanse of forest is a rare thing in the way of "improvement." The requirements of the ordinary holiday-maker and of the field naturalist are in this case identical. To be able to roam through many miles of wild forest is as truly a pleasure and novelty to the former as it is a necessity to the latter.

But in addition to the forest proper there are open spaces amounting to more than 2,000 acres, and the best mode of improving these is now under discussion. One of the most unique suggestions thus far made was that of Mr. Alfred R. Wallace in a recent number of *The Fortnightly Review*. After providing for playgrounds, etc., Mr. Wallace would plant these spaces in such a way as to give a fair representation of typical landscapes in various parts of the world. Thus, for instance, by planting a section with hickories, sassafras, liquidambar, maples, oaks, rhododendrons, catalpas, magnolias, locusts, tulip trees, butternuts, bald cypresses, Virginia cressers, blackberry spruces, kalmias and other American trees and shrubs, he would produce a North American landscape. Again, by the use of the California big trees, redwoods, pines, spruces, cypresses, silver firs, gigantic arbutuses, and other growths found east of the Rocky Mountains, he would imitate a landscape of the Pacific Slope. In like manner another section could be devoted to the trees of Europe and Western Asia, including such examples as the nut tree, the red bud, the flowering ash, the wild olive, the hop hornbeam, Nordmann's Russian cedar fir, and the pines of Spain; another to the singular vegetation found on the eastern shores of Asia, as the alantus, the euphorbia, the cryptomeria, paulownia, the reticulate spores, the gingko tree, the Chinese arbutus, the wisteria, and the ginkgo tree; while one landscape might be devoted to trees and shrubs peculiar to the Southern Hemisphere, including such specimens as Chilean pine, the gum tree of Australia, the huon pine of Tasmania, the pittosporum of New Zealand, and many charming shrubs and climbers from Brazil.

## The Blue Sky.

Professor Brooke has constructed an artificial blue sky by dropping a spirituous solution of rosin into water until the liquid becomes turbid and milky. When a black board is placed behind the glass containing this turbid solution, and the light is allowed to fall upon the liquid directly from above, it assumes the aspect of a clear blue sky. Professor Brooke's very unpoetically, and almost irreversibly, speaks of a blue sky as simply an art with turbid humors. Professor Tyndall has followed up this interesting branch of investigation by showing that an artificial blue sky can also be produced by throwing a strong beam of electric light upon certain kinds of gas contained in long glass tubes. The effect he conceives to be in some measure dependent upon the decomposition of the gas through the agency of the light. One portion of the gas is suddenly precipitated in the condition of a delicate cloud, capable of catching and turning back the blue vibrations. In some modifications of the experiments the attenuated vapor makes its first appearance in an exquisitely delicate form. The light reflected from these artificially constructed blue clouds is always polarized where it is thrown off at an angle of 90° from the course by which it has fallen upon the polarizing agency. The most perfect polarization always occurs in the direction that is perpendicular to the path of the illuminating beam. The effect gradually grows weaker and ultimately fades away, as this perpendicularity is departed from. The polarization of the sky is most distinctly developed in one particular track of the blue vault, and fades gradually away as the neighboring regions are brought successively under examination.

## A Use for the High Hat.

The ordinary high hat has generally been denominated as a grievous imposition of fashion, but it has at last been turned to a really useful purpose. The Swiss Federal Council was at its wit's end to know what to do with the requests for invitations to the St. Gotthard festivities, and there were "six hundred gentlemen at least" whose claims were undeniable, but all of whom the Council did not see its way to "feeding and lodging for three days." In this emergency the Council has intimated that "cylinder hats and black coats will be de rigueur," and this costume is so abhorrent to the free Swissers that many (it is confidently expected) will stay away rather than wear it.

## Fishing by Electricity.

A French yachting paper gives some description of the new apparatus which is being used, with the permission of the Government of that country, for fishing by electricity at night. It consists of a globe of glass, within which the electric light is shown. Two conductors encased in gutta serena are arranged so as to meet one another on the inside, very much on the same principle which is now familiar to all visitors to the Crystal Palace. They communicate with a floating boat anchored at a convenient distance, and, of course, be used into activity by the occupants of the boat. As to the globe, it is attached to a weight below and a float above, so that it can be raised or lowered to the desired depth. As soon as the

carbons are ignited and the glass in proper position, all these in its vicinity is illuminated brilliantly, and the fish, over whose light is well known to exercise an irresistible influence at night, come eagerly, and sometimes in large schools, within the glass. They may be seen from above disporting themselves in the unaccustomed brightness, and little dreaming of the sinister purpose with which the little fish is organized for them. It is then that the other fishing-boats, armed with nets, come up and set to work at the unconscious victims, which they surround as well as they can without interfering with the apparatus connected with the lighted globe. It may be supposed that this device is calculated to operate with much deadly effect whenever it is used, and there seems to be much doubt whether it will ever be allowed as a recognized kind of fishing within territorial waters. Indeed, the license granted by the Government is said to be merely provisional, and for the purpose of testing the new machine.

## Pictorial Prose and Verse.

We do not care what men think of to-day, but do hope that we shall stand well under the light of time.

"We Shall Be Like A Tree."

A barren tree against a sunset sky;  
A barren, black tree, whose leaves of emerald  
Which singing birds went to peep be-  
tween,  
Long since have fallen. Through its summit  
The winter winds have swept with bitter cry,  
And left it desolate, a crowning cone  
The sharp black outline fill and glory.  
Ah, Lord, dear Lord, my life is dry and bare;  
Slow stripped of summer's grace I know to be  
Shall nights of winter's days and days of care  
Be pleasing in thy sight? Yes, passing fair,  
If thou thy love stream through me, so I be  
Within thy gracious light a naked tree.

The eye grows weary, the ear dull,  
And the tongue triest, but the brain  
Never rests from the cradle to the grave.

Longfellow's Final Sonnet.

"As a food mother, when the day is o'er,  
Lead me to the hand, the little child to bed,  
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,  
And leave his broken playthings on the floor."  
Still passing broken through the open door,  
Not wholly reassured and comforted,  
By promises or others in their stead,  
Which, though more splendid, may not  
Please him more.  
No colors dealt with us, and taken away  
Our playthings one by one and by the hand  
Leads us to rest so gently that we go  
Scarcely knowing if we wish to go stay,  
Retaining only the remembrance  
How far the unknown time exceeds the wait  
We know."

God's Place of Your Life.

Never complain of your birth, your  
training, your employment, your  
hardships; never fancy that you could  
be something if you only had a differ-  
ent lot and sphere assigned you. God  
understands His own plans, and He  
knows what you want a great deal  
better than you do. The very things  
that you most depreciate as fatal limi-  
tations or obstructions, are probably  
God's opportunities; and it is nothing  
new that the patient should dislike his  
medicines or any certain proof that  
they are poisonous. Not a trace to all  
impatience! Choke that "cruel envy  
which gnaws at your heart because you  
are not in the same lot with others;  
bring down your soul, or rather, bring  
it up to receive God's will, and do His  
work in your lot in your sphere, under  
your cloud of obscurity, against your  
temptations; and then you shall find  
that your condition is never opposed  
to your good, but really consistent  
with it.

## The Early Days of Printing.

There is an old story about Faust, the associate of Gutenberg, the inventor of printing, which, whether true or false, well illustrates this. As soon as the Bible, which these two pioneers of the art had printed, was complete, Faust took a number of copies to Paris to sell. The first copy he sold to the king for 750 crowns, and another to the archbishop for 600 crowns, and to less illustrious or less worthy persons he sold other copies for much smaller sums, each one thinking that he possessed a marvel of penmanship. So delighted was the archbishop with his purchase that he took it to the king, who, in emulation, produced his volume. In spite of differences in the great initial letters, which were printed by hand, the text in both was found to be identical, down to the smallest details which would be impossible in books written by hand. Other copies, too, it came to be known had been sold. There was no way of accounting for the mystery except by magic, and poor Faust was committed to stand his trial for sorcery and was imprisoned. Only upon a full disclosure of his process of printing, which had hitherto been jealously secret, did he obtain his liberty, and this he did not long enjoy, dying shortly after of the plague, before he could return to his own country.

## English Humor.

The London *Spectator* says that "the humor of the United States, if closely examined, will be found to depend in a great measure on the ascendancy which the principle of utility has gained over the imagination of the rather imaginative people." The humor of England, if closely examined, will be found just about ready to drop over the picket fence into the arena, but never quite making connections. If we scan the English literary horizon we will find the humor is up a tall tree, depending from a sharp knot thereof by the slack of its overalls. He is just out of sight at the time you look in that direction. He always has a man working in his place, however. The man who works in his place is just parading down the half-sole and newly pegging a joke that has recently been sent in by the foreman for repairs.

ROLLING CAMBAGE.—Talking of cabbage, Mrs. Beeve tells us that we can get rid of the abominable smell of cabbage-bolling by putting in the water a piece of breadcrumb tied up in a fine white rag.

## The Squirrel Problem.

"A squirrel is up a tree and a man on the ground with a gun is trying to shoot it; but the squirrel persists in keeping on the opposite side of the tree from the man. The man walks clear around the tree to the place of starting, and the squirrel goes about in the same direction and keeping the tree all the time between itself and the man. Now the problem is, 'Has the man been around the squirrel?' He has been around the tree with the squirrel on it, but has he been around the squirrel?" The *Express* invited answers to this problem, and received twenty-seven, of which fifteen say yes, the man does go around the squirrel, and twelve say no, he does not. A few have sent us their reasons, and two send figures demonstrating the problem. The following answers are printed:

1. Of course the man goes around the squirrel. He goes around the tree and everything on it.
2. Should the squirrel have the start if one of the opinions that the man goes around it.
3. Not by a good deal does the hunter walk around the squirrel.
4. The man does not go around the squirrel. Might as well claim that—by having a horse attached to A, and another at B each describing the same circle, keeping at opposite sides of circle—the horse at A would at every time going around the ring go around the inside half of B and that B returned the complement.

(A) — (B)

To A in the same manner simple because the outside of one described a larger circle than the inside of the other. In other words a man or horse in describing any circle goes around one-half of himself.

5. The man goes around the squirrel. It is just like a wheel within a wheel.

6. The man don't go around the squirrel. I have tried it and had I got around the squirrel I would have shot it.

7. If there was no tree there and the squirrel was running around in a circle on the ground and the man was going in a larger circle I should say the man went around the squirrel. But when you put a tree there it is different. The man doesn't go around the squirrel any more than the squirrel goes around the man.

8. Of course the man doesn't go around the squirrel. If I am standing on the high side of a horse and start to walk round him, and the horse keeps turning as I go, I am on the high side of him all the time, am I not? And I don't go around him if I am on the high side all the time, do I? The case is precisely similar to this of the squirrel on a tree.

## A Possible Rival to Chichona.

During the last two or three years a bark containing quinine and quinine has been obtained from Columbia in enormous quantities. The botanical source of this bark, which is known in commerce under the name of *Cupress Chichona*, on account of its peculiar coppery tint, has hitherto been a mystery. M. Triana, the well-known geologist, has recently succeeded in tracing it out, and has located in the British *Pharmaceutical Journal* for April 22, that it is derived from a great measure from two species of the nearly allied genus *Remijia*, none of the members of which were previously known to contain quinine. Several species of *Remijia* have leaves resembling those of the true *Chichona*, and of these M. Triana has determined that *R. purdieana*, Wedd., and *R. pedunculata*, Karst., certainly yield *Cupress bark*, the former being the species which contains the alkaloid cinchonamine recently discovered by M. Arnaud. It appears probable that other species also yield the *Cupress Chichona* of commerce, but definite information on this point is still wanting. The value of this bark has led, according to M. Triana, to great devastation of the forests in which the trees grow, and has produced a financial stagnation, business being neglected in order to follow the more profitable occupation of collecting the bark. The tree is likely to prove valuable for cultivation in countries where the malarial fever abounds, since it grows at an elevation of 200,000 metres above the sea, at which even red cinchona bark will not flourish.

But a still more formidable rival to cinchona is occupying public attention. M. E. S. Maunene, a distinguished French chemist, has definitely announced verbally that he has succeeded in making quinine artificially, that is to say, without having recourse to the natural bark. He does not intend to announce the details of his process just yet, as he does not consider them perfect; but he has deposited a sealed packet containing an account of them with the Secretary of the French Academy of Sciences. M. Maunene's announcement is clear and distinct, and his reputation as a philosopher is too high for him to imperil it by a premature or ill-considered statement.

M. Maunene has succeeded in making artificial quinine at a cheaper rate than by extracting it from bark, and he has both fame and fortune before him; and the Peruvian bark plantations of South America, India, Ceylon, and Java, whether natural or artificial, may be cut down for firewood. If, on the contrary, he can only produce it at a dearer rate, he will have achieved a result that will hand down his name to posterity as the first chemist who has succeeded in the artificial formation of a vegetable alkaloid.

A gentleman thus addressed his butler: "James, how is my butcher's bill as large and I always have such bad dinners?" "Really, sir, I don't know," said James; "for I'm sure that we never have anything nice in the kitchen that we don't send some of it up to the dining-room."

Permanent granite posts to mark the line between New York and Pennsylvania are being put in position by surveyors.

## A New Society.

A "Society for Physical Research" has been started under the presidency of Mr. Henry Sidgwick. Several members of note who have leanings in the direction of spiritualism, but who have hitherto avoided declaring themselves so openly, are connected with it.

Mr. A. J. Balfour, M. P., Professor Balfour Stewart, Mr. R. H. Hutton, Hon. Roden Noel, Mr. F. Myers, Dr. Lockhart Robertson, and others. It makes one rub one's eyes to find a society founded in 1882 gravely announcing a "Committee on Apparitions, Haunted Houses," etc., presided over by Mr. Heneage Wedgwood. It is a pity that the Cook Lane ghost is extinct. There is a committee on "Thought Reading," headed by Professor Barrett.

By the way, we may mention that Mr. Stuart Cumberland gave a singularly successful exposure of "thought reading" before a distinguished audience the other evening. He easily discovered an object hid by Mr. Naigron Capel in Mr. Cumberland's absence from the room. In a like manner, but with even greater facility, a pin stuck in a vest of a spiritualist doctor by the secretary of the "Society for Physical Research" was found by Mr. Cumberland. Professor Orem Robertson and Professor Ray Lankester stated that where Mr. Bishop had failed Mr. Cumberland had succeeded, and that he was by far the greatest exponent of the profession that had yet come forward—the special merit of his experiments lying in the fact that he made no pretensions, simply claiming to succeed by natural perception.

## A Miracle of Honesty.

At a party one evening several confessed the habit of having done the most extraordinary thing a reverend gentleman was appalled judge of their respective pretensions. One produced his tailor's bill with a receipt attached to it.

"The palm is his," was the general cry, when a second put in his claim.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I cannot boast of that, but I have just returned to the owners three lead pencils and two umbrellas that were left at my house."

"I'll hear no more," cried the astonished arbitrator. "This is the very same of honesty. It is an act of virtue which I have never known any one capable. The price—"

"Hold!" cried another, "I have done more than that. 'Impossible,' cried the whole company. "Let us hear."

"I have been taking my county paper for twenty years, and always paid for it in advance."

He took the prize.

## Scientific Economics.

The gastric juices are more acid while digestion is going on than in the intervals of the process.

Northern corn contains most oil and starch and Southern corn most mineral and albuminous matter.

See anemones have no real nervous system; the sense of touch is distributed throughout the whole animal.

Sugar, according to a prominent physician, promotes digestion, and may be prescribed in certain cases of dyspepsia.

Poisons closely resembling the ptomaines have been obtained by M. Armand Gautier from the poison of the cobra and the human saliva.

The London *Mining Journal* says that a contract has been concluded for 600,000 tons of iron ore in Africa for consumption in the United States.

The locomotives on some Russian railroads are heated with crude naphtha, which is introduced into the tender as it comes from the wells.

Efforts are being made in Belgium to stimulate the study of astronomy. A recent speech by M. Folie has done much to further the movement.

Gases from the furnaces in iron districts are very injurious to trees in the neighborhood. The sulphuric acid contained in the gases is absorbed by the leaves.

Pure butter at fifteen degrees has the same specific gravity as alcohol of 53.7 per cent. (38°) and oleomargarine as alcohol of 69.3 per cent., or .915 specific gravity.

The Germans adulterate their papers with clay to such an extent that the American market now refuses to import German paper. Clay ruins type and is generally undesirable.

The *Monteur des Produits Chimiques* advises melon growers to put coffee grounds on their melon beds; they form a very stimulating manure and greatly improve the flavor of the fruit.

Lizards and crocodiles have two lungs, usually somewhat divided, and extending through the whole trunk. By their inflation the chameleon can give itself a plump appearance.

Wood piled in a tank and covered with quicklime which is gradually slaked with water is said to acquire great hardness and consistency after the lime has acted upon it for a week or more.

On February 8th the first ice taken in California was caught on the eastern shore of San Francisco Bay. It measured three feet in length, and was the first result of the "plant" of the California Fish Commissioners.

Professor Owen, in an article lately published, questions whether man ever receives a third set of teeth. He ascribes alleged cases to the reappearance of old and worn stumps, in consequence of the shrinkage and absorption of the jaws.

A baker in Paris, having used for fuel the boards from old houses, many people who ate the bread were seized with symptoms of lead poisoning. The heat converted the paint into the surface of the loaves.

Dr. Miguel Farago ascribes the dreams of roasted coffee to a peculiar substance called cafeone, which is developed during the process of roasting. Its action on the heart is opposed to that of caffeine, as it increases the force and frequency of its pulsations.

An Italian engineer proposes to freeze silk-worm eggs with an ice ma-

chine, thus retarding their development without destroying their vitality. The object is to keep the eggs in years when the development of the mulberry tree is backward, until a more auspicious period, and thus avoid the losses incident to such seasons.

Near Cambridge, England, the portion of the wall letter-boxes surrounding the apartments has been treated with luminous paint to enable the people to see where to post their letters after dark. The result has been satisfactory.

## A Turtle-dove Widowhood.

The grief of the Princess of Sora at the loss of her husband is still remembered throughout Paris. Within her doors, draped in black, in the Parisian mourning emblazoned with ciphers, there reigned the terrible despair of a devoted Spanish woman. The Princess cut off her hair, and secluded herself from every one. In her mourning robes, with her youthful head shorn of its locks, she had the appearance of a nun, which made her hotel resemble a convent. She passed her days before the portrait of her husband, and dined alone in the large dining-room, where every evening the table was spread for two. The cane and the hat of the Prince remained in the ante-room in their accustomed places, as if the master, although he had left home forever, had just come in. His presence being thus recalled, rendered the despair of the poor wife more intense, and the void of his absence even greater.

But of all that round of calls, balls, receptions and concerts where they had met and loved, and which set, as it were, their happiness in a fashionable society frame, she retained only one friend, the Baroness Ancelin, a drawing-room prima-donna, who was indebted to her beautiful voice for having remained the intimate friend of the Princess, whose great inconvertible and noisy grief made all conversation jar upon her mood, but who loved to hear singing around her, as it helped her to give vent to tears.

Two years passed thus, and the widow was still sorrowful, still austere. Her hair, however, was allowed to grow, rippling over the head with rebellious life in luxuriant curls and waves. Her mourning was thus lightened and made more cheerful, and seems now to be worn only as a caprice of fashion. It was at this period that the nephew of Mme. Ancelin, meeting the Princess at his aunt's house, fell desperately in love and began to dream of marrying her. At the first word of love he ventured to address to her, the widow became indignant. To her the Prince still lived, and this offer seemed an insult tempting her to be unfaithful. For some time she did not see her friend, the Baroness. The young man went away and tried to forget, but soon returned, and showed so much love and despair that Mme. Ancelin took pity on him and resolved to overcome the scruples of the Princess. But how could she persuade a woman with so peculiar a nature, who never reasons, and who was led only by impulse and enthusiasm.

She believed that a passion so exclusive must necessarily be jealous, and tried to obtain some old letters of the Prince. This was not very difficult, M. de Sora having written many before his marriage, and scattered his scraps throughout a multitude of little boxes and locked drawers, which, however, were so well hidden one from the other, that each might boast of being the sole possessor of the perfumed coat-of-arms of the great lord.

In order to bring a few sheets of some common-place romance in letters without date to show to the widow, Mme. Ancelin had the courage to present herself again at the hotel which was like a tomb of the dead, a silent, flower-decked tomb, were all day long wept a living statue.

It was not grief, but the falling of her idol that now became her pain. Poor little Princess! Her years of happiness, and period of widowhood alike rolled down and vanished into the same abyss of scorn and anger. Nothing remained but an intense desire to avenge herself. The portrait was banished from her room. The second plate at table by which she tried to delude her fancy that she was not alone was now removed from before the empty, sacredly-guarded seat; and in the crowded ante-room was henceforth to be opened to callers and passers to and fro, the hat and cane that had been there so long were no longer to be seen. There were fetes at the hotel de Sora now, balls and suppers. As a chameleon sky shrank off the night that lingered long, the Princess emerged in gray, lilac, pink and blue, recovering all former brilliancy. Then one evening, while walking in her small conservatory, she said to Mme. Ancelin's nephew, who had been following her about like a gloomy shadow since her return to the sunlight: "Now I will be your wife whenever you wish." She would have liked to have the ceremony performed that very moment in the conservatory.

They were married very soon after and were happy, she through a kind of rage, and he perplexed and astonished at her sudden passion, but enjoying her happiness without seeking to analyze it too closely. In society the marriage was much talked about, and the Baroness Ancelin, remembering similar phrases in her romances, has ready a charming little speech upon the subject: "Do you see the Princess! People thought she was lamenting, whereas her lamenting was cooling."

Six months elapsed. The newly-married couple were living in the country, in a chateau in the suburbs of Paris, where the friend made them a visit. Seeing them quietly manifesting their happiness as they walked among the smooth lawns, and silent paths, the charming Baroness, who was never far-sighted, having her eyes open only to the present moment, suddenly said to them: "It was I who made you so happy. Well, I do not regret my falsehood."

The Princess gave a sudden start.

"What do you say? What falsehood?"

"Yes, dear, I can tell you everything now. The poor Prince was not so black as I painted him. Those famous letters were dated five years back. You were not married then."

"Is this what you have done?" said the Princess, looking at her husband and her friend with an expression of madness in her eyes. The dead, forgotten Prince, whose name she no longer bore, wholly resumed his former place in her affections, as her husband plainly saw by a shrinking motion as she drew back from him.

All was over between them without a word of explanation. The Princess shut herself up at home and in an agony that lasted long she gave way to all the remorse that tortured her. The unhappy woman had married again, not for love, but out of revenge, and finding that the Prince was not unfaithful she felt guilty towards him and ashamed of herself. With what pity and sorrow she recalled his memory that had been so rudely banished, and now returned with the same power!

The poor lover held himself aloof, knowing well that he was nothing to her; her former passion returning with such strength had killed what she felt for him as by one blow.

At the last moment, as Mme. Ancelin was weeping near her, being overpowered with remorse, although hardly understanding her fault, the Princess leaned over towards the thoughtless creature, who had dithered like a butterfly across her straight and serious path, and said in a voice (so feeble for the complaint to resemble a reproach, "You see I am not cooling. I am dying."

And it was true.

## Food for Thought.

Earnestness commands the respect of mankind. A wavering, vacillating, dead-and-alive Christian does not get the respect of the church or the world.

—John Hall.

## Little Things.

One small stone upon another,  
And the highest wall is laid;  
One wet stick, and the other dry,  
And the largest garment is made.  
Many tiny drops of water  
Make the mighty rivers flow;  
One short second, then another  
Nerves you to some greater deed;  
From one little grain of foresight  
Often grand results proceed.

If you want to be a hero  
On the battle-field of life,  
Keep on adding time will make them  
Shine with wisdom's burning light.  
One small act of perseverance  
Nerves you to some greater deed;  
From one little grain of foresight  
Often grand results proceed.

If you want to be a hero  
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Many boys are muddy-headed till they are clarified with age, and such afterwards prove the best.—Thomas Fuller.

Faith's Accomplish.

I stood and watched my ship go by,  
One by one, and unnumbered, pass,  
For 'twould seem to some greater deed;  
From one little grain of foresight  
Often grand results proceed.

The first that sailed, her name was Joy;  
She spread a smooth, white ample sail,  
And eastward drove, with bending spars,  
Before the singing gale.

The next that sailed, her name was Hope;  
No cargo in her hold she bore,  
Thinking to find in water lands  
Of merchandise and store.

Another sailed, her name was Love;  
She showed a red flag at the mast,  
A flag as red as blood she showed,  
And she sped south right fast.

The last that sailed, her name was Faith;  
She took her passage forth,  
Tacked, and lay to; at last she steered  
A straight course for the north.

My gallant ships they sailed away,  
Over the shimmering, summer seas;  
I sat and watched for many a day,  
But only one came back to me.

For Joy was caught by pirate pain,  
For Hope upon a hidden reef,  
And Love caught fire and foundered fast  
In 'whirling seas of grief.

Faith came at last, storm-beat and torn,  
She recomended me all my loss,  
For as a cargo home she brought  
A crown linked to a cross.

Elephants and Their Teeth.

Empress, the female elephant at the Zoological Garden, St. Louis, has just passed through one of the interesting changes looked for in her species about her age, in the shedding of her back, or, as they are called, "milk" teeth. Recently, Empress appeared a little dull and seemed to have lost her appetite. Secretary Kalb had her watched closely, but could not determine what was the matter, until there appeared the crowns of several teeth. These crowns were about three inches long and one-half wide and an inch thick, and made the cause of her indisposition clear. An examination of her mouth corroborated the same thing, the "milk-teeth" having disappeared. Within an hour Empress began to regain her wonted good health and soon made known that she was longing for something to eat. This loss of her early milk-teeth is said to occur at the age of ten years.

## Early Rising.

It is now announced on authority of an "eminent physician" that it is unhealthy to rise before eight o'clock in the morning. This applies only to men. Wives, it is said, can rise as early as ever and start the fire as heretofore.

No matter how witty you may be, some one is likely to be more witty still and to turn your weapon against yourself. When two gentlemen fell out with each other, one of them went to the other's house and in large letters wrote "souldred" on the front door.

The next day when they met by accident, number two said to number one, "How did you dare to call on me yesterday, sir?" "I did not call on you, and I never will call on you," was the bitter reply. "Well, sir," continued number two, "either you or one of your friends called, for this morning when I came out of the house I saw your name written on the door."

The electric light will affect the colors of cloth as well as paintings in the same way, but not so quickly, as sunlight.

## From 'Frisco to Buffalo the Laugh Goes Round.

The Bitten Dodge.

He drifted into Phil McGovern's saloon the other evening, wiped his forehead, felt around in his pocket, and said with a pleasant smile: "Well, as it seems, I have just one 10-cent piece left to-day, and I'll take a drink." When the four fingers of Antioch's nerve-tangler had been secured in his remotest recesses the consumer fumbled among his keys, and he did so he started and said, with a look of amazement: "Great Scott! just look at that!" "I see it," said the bartender, scornfully regarding the alleged dime. "It's a suspender button. What of it?" "Well, I didn't look at it before. I just felt in my pocket, and I'm blamed if it didn't fool me. Ahem, I suppose you'll have to put this drink on us until tomorrow, I'll drop in and fix it." "Oh! of course you will. Here take this," and the cocktail retainer handed over a needle and thread. "What's that for?" "Why, for you to sew on that button right now; otherwise you might make a mistake again this evening somewhere else. Just sew her on strong." But the party with the button was very much insulted, and went out swearing that they didn't know how to treat one of the most prominent citizens.

"Mean," she cried, "my husband is the meanest wretch in the world. He won't give me the least excuse for complaining."

An exchange prints an able article on "Hints on How to Go to Sleep." It is the most convincing article ever read on the subject. We were fast asleep before we got half through it.

An Albany paper tells of a woman in that city who woke her husband during a storm, the other night, and said: "I do wish you would stop snoring, for I want to hear the thunder."

"Ah! my friend," said a clergyman to a parishioner, who was the husband of a temptress, and who made application for a divorce "was about to be yielding and forgiving. There are no divorces in heaven." "That's the reason," said the sufferer, "why I am so anxious to get a divorce here."

A Buffalo paper tells of a lover who began to propose to his girl just as his horse started to run with the sleigh. Being determined to have it over, he got the question out at the moment the sleigh struck the mile post. The girl was thrown high into the air, but as she came down she uttered a firm "Yes, Charlie," and then fainted.

## The Humorous Aids Digestion.

Compromise.

A man was once asked how he and his wife got along with so little friction in the family machinery. "Well," said he, "when we were first married we both wanted our own way. I wanted to sleep on linen sheets, my wife preferred cotton, and we couldn't agree. Finally we talked the matter over, and came to the conclusion that it was unchristian to live in constant bickering; so we compromised on linen, and have got along all right ever since."

Where an Appeal Didn't Lie

Montreal, some years ago, in the days of the Old Court House, to feast his eyes upon which Nelson's statue opposite turned his back upon the blue waters of the St. Lawrence, had a very matter-of-fact magistrate who dispensed justice in the base nest of the temple of Themis. One fine day his Honor had just given judgment in a suit where both plaintiff and defendant were women, and the defendant, who had been ordered to pay the debt, amounting to one dollar and twenty cents, happened to be a woman of deep convictions as to the justice of her case, so, wrapping her shawl closely around her and lifting one bony arm tragically, she exclaimed solemnly:

"Your Honor, there's a court above to which I will appeal!"

"There is no appeal to the Court upstairs, my good woman, except in cases involving sums of \$40 or over. Call the next case!"

It was the brink reply of the deeply unimpressed magistrate, and the defendant was hustled out of the Court before she could explain.

"I tell you, gentlemen, that dog of mine is an intelligent critter." "Possibly," muttered Fogg; "but you wouldn't think it, judging from the company he keeps."

An Irishman on board a vessel, when she was on the point of foundering, being desired to come on deck as she was going down, replied that he had no wish to go on deck to see himself drowned.

"Green, let me introduce you to my friend Brown." Green—"How are you, Brown?" Brown—"It's my color and I can't help it." How are you, Green?" Green didn't like the joke, evidently, for he changed color.

An English contemporary tells the story of the beadle who did not like a sermon because he said, "It was rather over plain and simple for me. I like that sermon best that jumbles the judgment and confounds the sense."

He came home the other night in the drizzling rain, soaked inside as well as out. "What excuse have you to offer," said his better half, "for coming home in such a beery condition?" "None, my dear, 'cept 'twas a very muggy day."

## Scotch Humor.

Old Scotch gentleman sitting in a Toronto car—a young lady enters, and makes a rush for the topmost seat. The car starts rather suddenly, the lady lands on the old gentleman's knee, blushing and exclaiming: "Oh! beg your pardon." "Old G.—Dimma mention it, lassie, I'd rather hae ye sittin' on my knee, than stannin' on ceremony."

It is said that there are upward of 8000 steam-ploughing machines now employed in England and Scotland.

## Florence Nightingale's Firmness.

There were nine hundred wounded, who were at once sent to the hospital at Scutari. Miss Nightingale had arrived there with her bevy of lady nurses. Her first act showed her wonderful energy and determination. The steamers laden with the wounded had cast anchor at Constantinople. There were not yet any mattresses or bed-clothes on the camp beds in the hospital, and the latter were not nearly sufficient in number for the wounded coming. Miss Nightingale went to the Quartermaster General in charge of the stores, and asked him for the stores which she required. He told her there was everything she could desire in the magazines, but that she must get the Inspector General of Hospitals to write an official letter to the Quartermaster General, who would send him an authority to draw the stores, and that she might then receive them on showing that authority. Miss Nightingale asked how long this would take. On being told that three days would be the shortest time necessary for the correspondence, she answered that nine hundred wounded officers and men would be in the hospital in three hours, and that she must have what they required immediately. She then went to the magazines, and telling the sergeant of the guard there who she was, asked him if he could take an order from her. He said he would, and she ordered him to drive in the door. This was done, and the wounded were provided for in time.

Her firmness at surgical operations was something marvelous; her appreciation of her mission was grand. She stood one day with spirits, instruments and lint in hand, during the performance of a frightful amputation. Half a dozen young lady nurses were behind her, holding basins, towels and other things the surgeon might want, and a harrowing groan from the patient undidly put them all to flight, except Miss Nightingale, who turning calmly round called to them, "Come back! shame on you as Christians! shame on you as women!" They returned holding each other's trembling hands and some of them almost ready to faint. But they got over their nervous weakness as their novice advanced, and did an amount of good that yet lives in the memory of many a man rescued from death and paid by their gentle ministrations.

Miss Nightingale's work was duly appreciated. At a large dinner-party given by Lord Stratford, when peace had been made, to the superior officers of the army, and navy, Miss Nightingale was also among the guests. When the ladies had withdrawn, the ambassador made a speech recording the services rendered by those present, and gracefully alluding to the part played by her. Where I was sitting flattering remarks were made on the conduct of those whom Lord Stratford had so warmly praised. It was at last proposed that everyone should write a slip of paper the name of which appeared to him most likely to descend to posterity with renown. The names were written and given to the proposer of this benevolent form of ostracism. The papers were opened and read; everyone of them contained the name of Miss Nightingale. An enthusiastic cheer was raised, in which the two commanders-in-chief, Sir William Corderoy, of the army, and Lord Lyons of the navy, were among the most clamorous in their applause, Lord Stratford leading the hurrah.

## Professor Morley's Predictions.

Prophecy the Appearance of an Intellectual Genius.

I have just heard of a remarkable prediction made by a remarkable man. The man is Professor Henry Morley

"Look not on the face of the dead; Leave the Past in the Past," they said. "Dig some grave for the old despair; Bury it far out of sight and sound; The years bring nothing but sorrow and care— Bury the last of the next comes round, Or the burden will grow to great to bear."

I said not yes, and I said not nay, But I wept when they carried the corpse away.

I longed to the wind the flowers that were dead; I covered their places with new-turned mold; I watched and watered the empty bed Thro' the dark and the death and the blinding cold— But, lo! no others came up instead.

I looked the door on the unused stair; I broke in pieces the vacant chair; I looked not back as the days went by; I let the grass grow over the Past.

I could not smile, and I would not sigh— I thought that I had forgot at last; I would not believe that I wished to die.

Till, behold one day I awoke to find That the whole of my life was left behind, That I walked alone in a world of air, A world of all sound and speech bereft, The Past may hold but a song of despair, But take it away, and there's nothing left, Only the silence everywhere.

I wandered back to the desolate place; I looked again on the dead dead face; I counted the sorrows the years had sown; I kissed them and gathered them into my heart; And I felt they were mine, my all, my own, That I and my Past could never part.

Flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone, MY PASTIVE.

## Behind The Scenes.

I will tell you of an incident that happened in New Orleans many years ago. It points to me now, as I think of it, all the vivid interest it had then. It was among the first cases entrusted to Mr. I—and myself and we devoted to it an unwearied patience and assiduity that fitted us for their exercise many a time afterward. It was in mid-winter that the circumstance I allude to occurred. The theatrical season was at its height. The St. Charles was nightly thronged with the beauty and fashion of the city. A new star had appeared on its boards. Her beauty, grace and accomplishments were the topic of every club room. Her name was Adele Laronda. Very young—scarcely twenty—and very beautiful was this young girl, around whom a web of mystery was woven that seemed to defy human ingenuity to unravel.

I say she was beautiful; but that word does not convey an adequate idea of her exceeding grace of mind and person. Petite in form, the slender figure was exquisite in symmetry. A wealth of bright, golden hair shaded a face rosy with health and brilliant with genius. The clear, hazel eyes flashed with intelligence, and the delicate lips expressed hatred, or scorn, or intensified emotion.

Night after night the theater was filled with her admirers. Fashion in every phase—the very refinements and impulses of our nature—seemed to find in her an interpreter that never erred. Her analysis of character was perfect; it was true to nature and therefore perfect.

The night of which I speak had witnessed her greatest triumph. She seemed inspired and the feelings of her audience appeared absolutely under her control, as if she wielded the wand of an enchanter. The curtain fell on the last act of the tragedy, and the audience dispersed. Some meretricious power held me on the spot, and I lingered around the entrance of the theater.

An hour must have passed by and the last of the company crept out of the narrow aisles leading to the stage, and sought their homes. Still the actress lingered; her carriage at the door—the driver impatient. Suddenly from behind the scenes came a scream so piercing, that it cut to the heart like a dagger.

In a moment more I dashed open the door and rushed into the theater. Close at my back Mr. I—the driver, and the porter of the establishment. The light of the greenroom was still burning. The large mirror that hung from the wall reflected from the opposite sofa the lines and mock jewelry of a queen. I noticed this as I dashed open the narrow door that led to the dressing room assigned the actress. It was empty. I called her by name. We searched everywhere in the building, but all in vain. The actress had disappeared. The screams that had so startled us were not repeated. There was no avenue of escape; still she was gone.

Mr. I—visited her apartments at the hotel. She was not there. The gas was relit in the theater and our search was resumed. She was not to be found. Her friends were visited; the most transient acquaintances called on, with a like result.

Each hour, instead of revealing the mystery, only deepened it. In the light of the morning, we continued the search. A single object was discovered which could possibly afford a clue to the missing girl. On the floor of the dressing room was a diamond earring. It looked as if it had been torn from its place. It was not such a one as was worn by the actress. It established beyond question the presence of another person in her room, and that person a female. This was all. The mysterious interview and its termination were shrouded in a veil of darkness our ingenuity could not penetrate.

What was to be done? We knew she was a native of France, brought here in childhood. Her relatives had died, her friends knew nothing save that she was an orphan. Genius had aided her rise, industry had secured her fame. The architect of her fortunes, she had climbed alone the steep whose ascent is devious and hard to surmount.

One day I stood leaning negligently on the counter of a fashionable jeweler. I loved to gaze upon the brilliant gems that strewed the case. My attention was absorbed in viewing them, and I did not notice the entrance of a lady—her jewelry agent in addressing the jeweler—glanced me to turn around. She held an earring in her hand, and was inquiring the cost of one if I had to watch it. The first glance I made of it made blood leap like fire in my veins.

It was the counterpart of the one found in the theater.

You may imagine I do not lose sight of that woman. I knew that I had struck on the right clue.

I traced her home. The panther never stole on his victim more silently than I on the footstep of the dark-brown stranger.

I scarcely knew how to get back to the office. I seemed to have triumphed over space and time. More like a maniac than a detective, I rushed up to Mr. I—and imparted my intelligence. He was not less excited than I. We both felt an interest in the beautiful girl as strong as if she had been a sister. But we knew that our steps must be wary and our movements secret as the grave. We had no common criminal to deal with. If not the arch fiend himself, we knew she was almost as cunning. The mysterious abduction of the actress disclosed a quickness and sagacity at once ingenious and profound. The same spirit we did not doubt we should have to encounter again. It was not, therefore, with a feeling of success that we prepared to enter the residence to which I had traced the foreign lady.

It was not as officers of the law usually go that we went on the occasion. We employed rather the subtle cunning and perfect skill of a man brought up to the business. For once his nefarious art helped him to do a noble deed. A life of crime was whitened by a single virtue. Before the skill of this man the door sprung back on its hinges and we stood within the portals where the issues of this strange mystery were to be decided. Silently we ascended the steps. A gas flame flung a mellow light along the stately corridor. At the further end of the hall a door opened into a large apartment. We moved toward this and as we approached it sounds of weeping struck on our ears, and then we heard a voice of supplication. Somewhat and sad the strange wail voice floated out on the air. It was like the wail of a broken heart, that cry of one in distress.

"Oh, God! is there no help?" It thrilled to my heart. Even in that pitiful cadence I knew those well-remembered tones. Burdened with anguish, I knew them well. In another instant the door flew open before our impetuous weight, and there, in the gloom of a luxurious room, her young limbs fettered and a single garment shrouding the wasted form, was the young actress. We were not a moment too soon for the next instant, furious as a demon, the dark-brown woman entered the room.

It took a moment to secure her and then the mystery was solved. She was the aunt of the actress. Her niece was heiress to a fortune in France; she removed, her own child would inherit the wealth. It must be done secretly and silently, so that no clue could be found. She had secreted herself in the passage way of the theater, and taking advantage of a momentary delay, had secured her freedom. In the struggle an earring was torn off. A powerful narcotic, suddenly applied, drowned her senses and stopped resistance. She was behind the deep curtain as we rushed in. Leaving while we were yet in the green room, she made her escape along the aisle that led to the street.

This was the end. It made a sensation at the time, but it was an unwritten history of crime in New Orleans about thirty years ago.

**Starring One's Risibles.**

A philosopher says: "The man who laughs is the sympathetic man." It is astonishing how many sympathizers a man has when he falls down and hurts himself.

A Scotchman, having a warm dispute with a London cabman about his fare said: "I'd have ye ken I am a Machinist." To which the Cockney replied: "You may be a hum-brellar for all I know, but my fare is eightpence."

A young man with an umbrella overtook an unprotected lady acquaintance in a rainstorm, and, extending his umbrella over her, requested the pleasure of acting as her rainbeau. "Oh!" exclaimed the young lady, taking his arm "You wish me to be your rainbeau."

"I only want to show you one thing more, professor; I have invented a short way of boring mountains, which I think will prove valuable." "My dear sir," burst forth the wearied listener, "if you would only invent a short method of boring individuals, you would confer a lasting benefit upon the race."

An Irish coffer was sent to the stable to bring forth a traveler's horse. Not knowing which of the two strange horses in the stable belonged to the traveler, and wishing to avoid the appearance of ignorance in his business, he saddled both animals, and brought them to the door. The traveler pointed out his own horse, saying: "That's my nag." "Certainly your honor, I know that very well; but didn't know which was the other gentleman's."

"These rubber garments are such a blessing," remarked a fat man as he brought into a street car a perfect deluge of water. The lady at his right, who mopped one side of his coat with costly dress, agreed with him perfectly; the man at his left, who caught about a pint of the drippings in his shoe, could scarcely conceal his admiration; while the young miss to whom the fat man gallantly offered his seat a few minutes later went into perfect ecstasies as she sat down in a pool of water.

Sheridan was once dining with Peter Moore, when a servant, in passing between Sheridan and the fire, knocked down the plate-warmer with a terrible clatter. Sheridan started and trembled. Moore, provoked at this, scolded the servant, adding: "I suppose you have broken all the plates?" "No, sir," replied the servant; "not one." "Not one!" exclaimed Sheridan. "Then, hang it, you have made the noise for nothing."

The Canadians have naturalized "bulldozers" and "gerry-manders," and are using them as freely and as indignantly as any political paper on this side of the line.

## A Few Figures.

There are only six charcoal-iron furnaces in Great Britain, and they all belong to one firm; the annual yield of charcoal iron is about 8000 tons. A contract has been awarded at Montreal for tunneling the St. Lawrence at a cost of \$3,500,000, the work to be completed within four years. The annual product of the silver mines of South America at the present time is estimated at \$11,000,000, and their total product since they were first worked amounts to \$2,385,000,000. Tree culture pays. A black walnut grove that was planted by a Wisconsin farmer about twenty years ago on some waste land, was recently sold for \$27,000. The trees are now from 18 to 20 inches through.

The shovel-makers in the United States manufacture twelve thousand shovels every week. About one-half of them are used at home and the other half are shipped abroad, mostly to Panama and South America. A recent report of the Municipal Chemical Laboratory of Paris shows that of 400 samples of wine which were purchased and analyzed only 79 could be described as good, 145 as said to have been "passable," while 154 are qualified as bad and 39 as "injurious."

From an examination of statistics compiled by Dr. Andrews, of Chicago, and Dr. Richardson, of London, either is by far the safest of anesthetics, only one death occurring from it in the course of 23,24 administrations. Bichloride of methylene causes death once in 5000 instances of its use. The British Consul at Porto-au-Prince gives a terrible picture of the recent ravages of smallpox in the island of Hayti among a population of less than a million people. It appears that the disease carried off at least 5000 persons within about three months of its prevalence, and it is calculated that not less than 20,000 persons have perished from it.

**Flowers in Mexico.**

Mexico is the greatest flower market in the world. All the year round the gardens bring forth brilliant blossoms, the fragile, beautiful children of this tropic zone. All historians who write of the Mexicans as Mexicans, speak of their love of flowers as one of their principal characteristics. Nor is this trait diminished in the present generation. From the days before the Conquest, all through that meretricious time when the Mexicans bore the heavy yoke under their violent masters, the Spaniards, they remained faithful to their love of flowers; the passion is innate.

During even the coldest days that are known in this mild climate one may go to market and find the simple Indigo seated on the sidewalks with their baskets of flowers. I have seen them sitting thus closely together for a whole block, offering at almost ridiculously low prices great bundles of roses, heliotropes, violets, geraniums, heartseases, pinks, and in short, almost numberless varieties. For twenty-five cents one may nearly always buy a large, elegantly arranged bouquet, composed of the most exquisite flowers, the price of which, in New York, would vary, according to the season, from \$3 to \$10 or \$15. In the full flower season one may often buy for six and a quarter cents as many flowers as can be disposed of in a parlor of ordinary size.

**A School Committee Cornered.**

At an examination of a public school on Staten Island, the teacher, justly proud of his scholars, addressing the audience, said: "Ladies and gentlemen, to prove that the boys are not crammed for the occasion, I will direct one of them to open the arithmetic at random and read out the first problem. Then I shall invite a gentleman of the audience to work out the sum on the board, and to commit intentional errors which, you will observe, the boys will instantly detect. John Smith open the book and read the first question!"

The scholar obeyed and read out: "Add fifteen-sixteens and nine—eleven." The teacher turned to the audience and said: "Now, Supervisor—, will you step to the blackboard and work it out?"

The supervisor hesitated, then said, "Certainly," and advanced a step, but paused and asked the teacher, "Is it fair to put the children to so difficult a problem?"

"Oh, never fear," replied the teacher, they will do it." "Very well," said the supervisor, "go on." The boy began the question: "Add fifteen-sixteens—"

"No, no," said the supervisor, "I will not be a party to overtaxing the children's brains. I have conscientious scruples against this. This forcing system is ruining the rising generation!" and gave back the chalk and left the room.

"Well, Judge Castleton, will you favor us?" asked the teacher, tendering the chalk. "I would do so with pleasure," replied the Judge, "but I have a case coming on in my court in a minute or two," and he left.

"Assessors Middletown, we must fall back on you," said the teacher, smiling. "Oh," said the assessor, "I pass—I mean I decline in favor of Collector X." "Well that will do," replied the teacher, "Mr. Collector, will you favor us?" "I would, certainly—that is—of course," replied the collector, "but—ahem! I think it should be referred to a committee—why, bless me! I'll never catch it. Good bye! Some other time!" And he left.

"I know Justice Smithfield will not refuse," said the teacher, and the justice stepped promptly up to the blackboard amidst a round of applause from the audience. The scholar again began to read the sum. "Add fifteen-sixteens!"

A dozen hands went up as the justice made the first figure. "Well, what is it?" asked the teacher.

"He's got the denominator on top of the line!" cried the boys in chorus. "Very good, boys, very good; I see you are attentive!" said the justice as he rubbed out the figures, turned red,

and began again, but, was interrupted by the clam calling out:

"Now he's got the numerator and denominator under the line!" "Ah! you young rascals! You're sharp, I see!" said the justice, jocosely, and again commenced.

"That ain't a fraction at all! It's one thousand five hundred and sixteen!" was the cry that hailed the justice's new combination of figures. "Really, Mr. Teacher," ejaculated the justice, "I must compliment you on the wonderful proficiency of your scholars in algebra! I won't tire their patience any more."

"Oh, go on, go on, said the teacher and again the justice wrote some figures in an off hand manner. "That ain't a fraction! It's six thousand one hundred and fifty-one!" yelled the boys.

"Mr. Teacher," said the justice, "it would be ungenerous on my part, and simply an unworthy suspicion as to your efficiency, to put these extraordinarily bright children to additional tests; I would not—I could not—Oh! excuse me! There's Brown! I have important business with him! I shan't see you," and he left.

Some days afterwards a boy was brought before Justice Smithfield for throwing stones in the street. "John," said the justice sternly, "were you the boy that laughed in school on Monday while I was working that problem?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. John got thirty days.

**How Light Affects the Blind.**

An interesting account has been lately furnished by M. Plateau, the eminent Belgian physicist (who has been blind nearly forty years) of the sensations he experiences in his eyes. He has no sense of objective light even when turning his eyes to the sun. But his visual field is always divided into spaces, some of which are pretty bright and others sombre or nearly dark, and which merge into each other. Their general tint alternates, in time, between gray and reddish. The relative arrangement of these different spaces is always the same, but the intensity of their tints varies. The central space seems now rather bright, now very dark; above and below, and on the left to the limits of the field, there is sometimes brightness, sometimes darkness, but on the right there is generally a vertical band, nearly black, and beyond this a space which is nearly always bright and reddish. These appearances follow all the movements of the eyes, which probably do not participate in the same way in the time, but M. Plateau cannot distinguish what belongs to one from what belongs to the other. No connection of the general tint with the work of digestion is observed. The author states that he became blind through looking fixedly at the sun for some time, with a view to observing his after sensations; it was not till about fourteen years after this that inflammation of the choroid set in, destroying vision, but, during the interval, he often saw colored and persistent halos round flames, etc., and he advises those who have such vision to consult an experienced oculist.

**How to Train a Child Mentally.**

Children think much more deeply than we imagine: we should therefore answer their questions to the best of our ability, unless evidently asked in a spirit of frivolity, and try to explain to them reasons for things they are occurring around them, and for the acts you yourself perform. But gain their confidence in every way in your power. A mother should be more of a mother than a teacher, or rather she ought to be both combined. You like to see your boy clever, doubtless, but do not make a show child of him. Do not even let him know of his cleverness. Encourage all portness in conversation, for this too often borders on impertinence. Never permit him to contradict you. If he contradicts his mother may he not, when old enough to go out, be guilty at table of very great rudeness? At the same time, mother should never deserve contradiction. When you have occasion to reprove, beware of doing so angrily. It is far better to speak gently and make the child feel ashamed of himself, because shame breeds sorrow and contrition, and this in turn, the desire to behave far better in the time to come.

**Driving a Hen.**

One of the minor differences between man and woman, which illustrates the difference between tact and force, is brought out in the following description of hen-driving:

When a woman has a hen to drive into the coop, she takes hold of her skirts with both hands, shakes them quietly to the delinquent, and says, "Shoo, there!"

The hen takes one look at the object to convince herself that it is a woman, and then stalks majestically into the coop.

A man doesn't do that way. He goes out doors and says, "It is singular nobody can drive a hen, but me," and picking up a stick of wood, hurls it at the offending bird and observes, "Get in there, you thief!"

The hen immediately loses her reason and dashes to the other end of the yard. The man straightway dashes after her. She comes back with her head down, her wings out, and followed by an assortment of housewren, fruit-cakes and oliviers, and a very mad man in the rear.

Then she skulks under the barn, and over a fence or two, and around the house, and back to the coop, and the while talking as only an excited hen can talk, and all the while followed by things convenient for hand-ling, and a man whose coat is on the saw-buck, and whose hat is on the ground, perspiration has no limit.

By this time the other hens have come out to take a hand in the debate and help dodge missiles, and the man says every hen on the place shall be sold in the morning, and puts on his things and goes down the street, and the woman has every one of those hens housed and counted in two minutes.

## Rules for Spoiling Children.

Try to forget as much as possible that you are young yourself.

When they amuse themselves torturing animals, look on and laugh.

Always tell them to hit back when annoyed by neighboring children.

Tell them all the lies you like, and half tell them if they tell you one.

When they tell you they won't do a thing, laugh at them and let it go.

When they fall and hurt themselves scold them for their awkwardness.

Dress them in style that they will be afraid to play for fear of spoiling their clothes.

Make religion such a long-faced, potty thing, that they'll hate the name of it as long as they live.

Don't give them anything to read but bible stories, Sabbath-school books and dime novels.

Don't give them the habit of kissing their good-night; if you happen to do they'd be awfully lonely without it.

Tell them it is a sin to be dishonest, but if they bring you back too much change from the grocer's, keep it and tell them to say nothing about it.

Let them sleep until you have started to work in the morning, and have them put to bed before you get home at night, to avoid becoming too intimately acquainted with them.

Threatened to tell their father and get them punished for every blessed thing they do, so that by degrees they'll come to the conclusion that a father is some sort of a whipping machine.

Tell them it is a sin to laugh or play on Sunday, and make the day as dull and staid as possible for them. Then when they grow up and go to Congress they will be apt to pass a bill doing away with the observance of the day altogether.

If you happen to be in a gruff mood, and feel a little palm trying to needle in yours, or a little arm trying to twist itself around your neck, give a growl to be let alone. The offense won't be repeated.

**Womanly Economy.**

There is much talk of the extravagance of a woman, and there is no doubt that when a woman puts her hand to the spending of money she can do it with a perfect looseness. Women are naturally extremists, and whatever they think will all their might. But to this question of spending money there are two sides, and the balance decidedly inclines toward saving rather than spending. Women are naturally economists. They have twice the skill of saving that men have. Think of the "saint" clothes made to look as well as new, think of the old bonnets retouched and brought out in the latest style; think of the twisting and turning, the contriving and saving to which many a woman resorts to keep her husband never thinks of stinting himself in cigars or liquor. Many a man is kept from pauperism by the contrivings of his wife; many a family owes the comfortable house they inhabit more to the economy of the mother than the savings of the father. Before men talk of the extravagance of a woman, they should strive to learn a lesson from their economy.

**Dirt and Disease.**

Dr. Franklin Staples, of Winona, Minn., who has been carefully studying the characteristics of that fatal malarial, diphtheria, claims it as undoubtedly contagious and infectious. He thinks that the strictest sanitary regulations, rigidly enforced, are the only means adequate to prevent its spread in communities where it has made its appearance. Filth, whether from dirty rooms, soiled clothing, defective drains and cesspools, ill-ventilated rooms, poisonous, noxious gases, etc., he regards as conditions which invite the disease. The guard against contamination it is necessary that the apartments set apart for the patient should be divested of all furniture, carpets, curtains and fabrics of any kind not absolutely required; that discharge from the nose, mouth and bowels should be carefully collected and destroyed, and that all persons, clothing, bed linen, etc., should be thoroughly disinfected before being sent to the general waste.

In case of death, all clothing and unimportant articles should be burnt, the body should be immediately disinfected and put into its coffin, which should be kept permanently closed. There should be no public funeral. He suggests chlorine gas and thorough ventilation to disinfect the rooms, and says that nothing short of these precautions will avail to prevent the spread of the infection.

**Utilizing the Waves and Tides.**

Engineering skill has not yet succeeded in utilizing as motive powers the vast forces represented by the ebb and flow of the tides, and the action of sea waves. Various attempts to accomplish this have, however, been made, and two recent schemes have been lately described. In the plan proposed by M. Victor Gancher, a large bell moves up and down in a stone inclosure, and is connected with a large float in the sea. The rising and falling of this bell is used to force air into a chamber, and this compressed air may be employed to drive machinery. In the scheme adopted by Professor Weller, of Brunswick, there is fixed along a sea wall a sort of air-trap—a metallic case, open below, now in air, now in water, as the waves beat upon it. At the top this communicates through valves and pipes with a reservoir, in which the air is compressed, and the force thus supplied may be utilized for many purposes.

The Princess Christian appeared as a pianiste at a concert in Windsor during the first week in May.

The idea that the Chinese can land on British soil, foot it into our territory, and so evade the anti-Chinese act, is an error. The law plugged up that hole.

## Glaciers and Icebergs.

**RESEARCHES ON THE GREENLAND COAST.**

Explorations by Lieutenant Hammer, of the Danish Vise—Icebergs of Stupendous Size—Curiosities of the Greenland Language.

An expedition sent out to Greenland by the Danish Government in the fall of 1879 to explore the great Jakobshavn glacier has recently made an interesting report to the Royal Commission for the Exploration of Greenland. Its chief purpose, to determine the speed of the great glacier's progress toward the sea in the winter months, was accomplished under exceptionally discouraging circumstances by R. Hammer, a Lieutenant in the Navy, who commanded the expedition. Previous investigations by Rink in 1859, and by Helland in 1875, had shown that the Jakobshavn glacier in the summer moved seaward at the rate of fully eight feet in twenty-four hours, while the Swiss glaciers travel only a few inches in that time. The discovery that in the depth of the Arctic winter its speed fell very little short of this was, however, an unexpected conclusion; the measurements made by Mr. Hammer, nevertheless, fully prove this.

The Jakobshavn ice-fjord (69° 12' north latitude) was chosen as the point of observation, because the glacier which through it reaches the sea from the unexplored interior is the greatest and sends forth the largest number of icebergs that crowd the Polar Sea. The belt of coast land that is not covered by perpetual ice is at Jakobshavn about twenty miles wide. Beyond it the inland ice covers hills and valleys and feeds the huge glacier which packs the inner fjord at all seasons. The mouth of the fjord in Disco Bay is closed by a bar of mud, upon which the larger icebergs ground as they break off at the end of the glacier, choking up the fjord and preventing all communication between Jakobshavn and Clausenav, at the south side of the fjord, except by boat outside the bar. When large icebergs from time to time slip over this bar, an opening is made through which quantities of ice push out into the bay, to the great danger of any boats that happen to be there, as the occurrence is always sudden and unforeseen. But when the glacier "halves"—i. e., when the outer end breaks off and forms icebergs that turn over and over in the effort to attain their balance—the disturbance of the waters extends far out into the bay and at times may be traced many miles down the coast. Ice three or four feet thick is broken miles away like fragile glass. The Danes in Greenland understand well the cause of this commotion, though the actual process of the "halving" has only been observed by a European once; but the natives believe that it is the work of the spirits of the glacier, whose fastnesses are far in the unknown interior of the country. During the winter of 1879 this phenomenon occurred thrice.

Hammer started for the glacier from Clausenav in September, expecting to make his base of observation in the little inlet known as Kongerudskov, which in 1876 had been passed and entirely shut off by the glacier on its seaward march. He reached it after great hardships only to find that the glacier had receded up the fjord so far that it could not even be seen from that point. The mountain side of the inlet were too steep to climb, and in an attempt to do so the explorers were surprised by a terrible snow-fall and had to spend the night in a ravine in imminent danger of being frozen to death. After ascertaining that the glacier since 1850 had moved back fully four miles, they were compelled to return to Jakobshavn to spend the long Arctic night. It was on January 13th that half of the sun's disk appeared above the horizon again, and travel in dog-sleds became possible. Several attempts were made to reach Kongerudskov, and the trip to Umanak, a distance of 100 miles over mountain ranges 2,000 feet high, was made in a sled with one team of eight dogs in three days and a half, with the thermometer at -40° C., but the object was not attained till the middle of March. The glacier had pushed ahead and was again visible from the inlet, but this was so closely packed with ice screwed up in all sorts of shapes that twenty-four hours' hard work only brought the party 400 feet nearer the ice-fjord, and another day had to be found. It was noted by measurements, as accurate as the distance would permit, that in that night the end of the glacier advanced perceptibly, though the thermometer showed -39° C. On March 21st the main ice-fjord was at last reached, and from that day until the end of April numerous measurements were made from both ends of a fixed base to ascertain the speed with which the glacier was moving. As to get upon the moving mass was impossible, the tall peaks and blocks of ice that projected from its uneven surface were used as landmarks; quite frequently these would suddenly tumble down and disappear and the work would go for naught.

**Movements of a Glacier.**

The glacier at this point was three miles wide, and its end was a perpendicular wall 300 feet above the ice surface of the fjord. The roughness of its surface was greatest nearer the side; toward the middle it disappeared entirely. Although the observations were made at a time when the winter's frost was most severe and had lasted long enough to penetrate as far into the glacier as its effect might be felt, the whole mass was found to be moving steadily ahead. Its velocity increased greatly from the edges of the glacier toward its middle. On account of the lack of projecting points near the middle, the speed of that portion could not be so accurately measured as that of the flank sections, but was estimated to reach at least fifty feet in twenty-four hours. The average speed of a point in the glacier 1,700 feet from the edge of the fjord was 39.8 feet in twenty-four hours. Constant detonations, sometimes like the firing of heavy guns but more frequently like pistol shots, accompanied the movement of the glacier. It was faster on

some days than on others, and apparently without regard to time of day or night, or to the temperature of the atmosphere. From the top of the adjacent hills two lines could be observed running lengthwise on the glacier, dividing it into three nearly equal parts; they marked the line of friction where the central part moved independently of the flanks. The natural conclusion was that the latter drag on the shore and on the rocky bottom and that the resistance they met with makes them move more slowly and causes the roughness on their top, while the central part of the glacier, floating on water, preserves its even surface and moves along faster. The fact that the middle of the glacier seemed to lie higher than the rest supported this theory. Floating free, the end of the glacier is buoyed up at last by the tide water until it breaks off in huge masses. These are the icebergs; the largest are from the solid middle of the glacier, which in spite of its greater speed always ends in a concave arch. The flanks that drag on the rocks are not exposed to much to the action of the water and therefore "halve" much less frequently.

During the summer of 1880 the expedition made geological researches and explored Waigat and Disco Island, the west coast of which had never yet been trodden by a European. In several places pure iron was found in the organic basalt. Everywhere on the coast, even on the highest mountain top, abundant evidence was found that the ice had once covered all in a solid mass—one huge glacier. Erratic boulders were scattered about, and on the top of the mountain Jomarnak, 1,624 feet above the sea, the characteristic grooves worn in the rock by glaciers were distinctly recognized.

During his long stay among the natives at Jakobshavn, Hammer endeavored without much success to learn something of their language. He found that it possessed astonishing capabilities in the direction of expressing a whole or any number of sentences in a single word by merely hitching on extra syllables. The following may serve as examples: "Hail, but," the chief folk of the Esquimaux Kalerahk. From it may be formed the following sentences: "Have you any halibut?"—*Kalerahk-kapit?* "Have you no halibut whatever?"—*Kalerahk-gindivurapukit?* "A dog?"—*Kingmuk.* "He buys a dog?"—*Kingmuk-muk;* "He drives a dog?"—*Kingmuk-muk;* and so on until the sentence, "I would certainly very much like to buy some dogs from you," is expressed in the one euphonious word, *Knamerelakigumagat-narpukit.*

**Clips.**

After his experience with them during his "Voyage of the Beagle," Darwin pronounced the Patagonians to be a race degraded below possibility of improvement. But thirty years later, on learning of the changes wrought by English missionaries there, he frankly admitted his mistake, and became a contributor to the funds of the South American Missionary Society.

Some interesting and successful experiments have been made recently at the laboratory of the International Ice Machine Company, at Greenpoint, N. Y., on a new method of making ice. This is called "the low-pressure binary system," and its novel feature is the liquefaction of the ammonia employed at low pressure by glycerine. The system is called "binary" because two liquids are employed instead of one.

Congressman Carpo's curious cognomen had, it is said, the following origin: In early puritan times a French bark was wrecked on the Cape Cod coast, and all on board were lost save one little boy. Him the sturdy colonists rescued, and dubbed, because of his red hair and French origin, Rufus Crapaud. And from that little fellow the present member from the 1st Massachusetts district is in the seventh generation of direct descent.

Yekob Khan, ex-amer of Afghanistan, has been indulging in a glorious fit of sulks. He refused to receive anything from the British-Indian government, and began selling his jewels and spare clothes to retail household expense; and all because the government, which has paid so dearly for his weakness and cowardice, in addition to splendid summer and winter residences, furniture, horses, carriages, elephants, etc., would only allow him a pension of \$2,225 per month, when he modestly demanded \$11,125.

Alphonse Carr said: "You can prove nothing to women. They believe only with their hearts, or their imaginations." Alphonse had evidently been trying to make his wife believe that the billiard ball on his coat was the whitewash from the office wall.

Some say bread and butter is the dress of this world, love and kindness its trimming. We'll bet twenty pounds the man who wrote that isn't married. Any married man knows that the trimmings cost four times as much as the dress.

**A Fable of the Period.**

A treasurer once went to one of his bondsmen and said, while the tears stood in his eyes: "You have always been a good friend to me, and I have not stolen a cent. What will my neighbors think?" The bondsman replied: "This is a serious case, but perhaps if you run away with somebody's wife between now and next week, your reputation as an offhander may be repaired up a little."

In a few days there was a great scandal in the papers, and people said: "This man is not so bad as we presumed. Of course he failed to steal any of our money, but he has broken up a family, which is better than nothing. In time he may make a good offhander."

## Domestic Economy.

**STRAWBERRY SHORT CAKE.**—Make a rich crust with baking powder, flour and shortening, roll out rather thick and bake; split with a sharp knife into two parts, butter them well, wash ripe berries with sugar and cream, and place between the two crusts, eat warm. The sugar and berries make the juice needed.

If you are willing to pay a fair price for your CLOTHING, and want to be sure of getting all you pay for, call on

# SLEEPER & HOOD,

And select Your Garments from one of the  
LARGEST and BEST ASSORTED STOCKS OF CLOTHS  
To be found in the City.

Remember We Warrant Every Garment to Fit.  
SPECIAL PRICES FOR TRADE OUT OF THE CITY.

SLEEPER & HOOD, Concord, N. H.  
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## FRESH ATTRACTIONS

Special and Attractive

# BARGAINS

C. M. Boynton's

We are now having a special sale of Fancy Black Dress Goods, and are offering some very fine goods at Lower Prices than we have ever been able to name before. Don't fail to examine this lot of goods, as the price will please close, sharp buyers.

## 600 YDS.!!

We have just opened 600 yards of the best quality and choicest pattern in Spanish Laces that have been seen in the city this season. Also, GREAT SALES in Buttons, Parasols, Corsets, Hosiery, Ribbons, Gloves, Tennis Suits, &c.

Gentlemen, walk slow when you pass C. M. Boynton's, and go in and get one of those Ladies' or Gents' Vests for 25c; well worth 50c.

N. B. We send goods and samples by mail when desired and they can be returned if not satisfactory.

Remember this sale is at

C. M. BOYNTON'S,

Opposite Depot St., Central Block, CONCORD, N. H.

## LOOK!

# BLANCHARD

STILL AHEAD!

Special and Attractive Bargains

—IN—

EVERY DEPARTMENT.

No effort spared to secure the finest Goods, all of which will be sold at the lowest living prices.

## LOOK!

Good Prints 4c a yard Best unbleached Cotton 8c a yard  
Best Prints 6 and 7c " in the world 8c a yard  
Good unbleached Cotton 6 and 7c

Bleached and unbleached Cottons from 27 to 90 inches wide.  
Bleached Cottons all prices.

Renfrew and Canton Gingham 12c a yard  
Best line of Cambrics in Concord. 11c "

## TABLE LINENS and NAPKINS

On the Tumble:

|                   |           |                   |           |
|-------------------|-----------|-------------------|-----------|
| One at 15c a yard | Worth 25c | One at 62c a yard | worth 75c |
| " 37c "           | " 50c "   | " 87c "           | " 80c "   |
| " 50c "           | " 62c "   | " 87c "           | " 1.00 "  |
| " 68c "           | " 87c "   |                   |           |

Napkins to match in price and quality.

## Big Drive in Towels:

|                |           |                |           |
|----------------|-----------|----------------|-----------|
| A Towel at 10c | Worth 15c | A Towel at 20c | Worth 30c |
| " 17c "        | " 25c "   | " 25c "        | " 37c "   |

Tremendous Bargains in Dress Goods:

|                                  |          |                      |
|----------------------------------|----------|----------------------|
| 10 pieces Illuminated Beiges     | 50c.     | Marked down from 75c |
| 10 " Pin Head Checks             | 87 1-2c. | " 1.00 "             |
| 10 " Pin Head Checks             | 15c.     | " 25c "              |
| 10 " Striped Goods               | 20c.     | " 30c "              |
| 1,500 yards Silk and Wool Checks | 12c.     | " 25c "              |

## Big Line BLACK CASHMERES:

|             |                         |                |                         |
|-------------|-------------------------|----------------|-------------------------|
| One at 50c. | Marked down from 62 1-2 | One at 1 1-2c. | Marked down from \$1.00 |
| " 55c "     | " 75c "                 | " 1 1-2c "     | " 1.25 "                |
| " 60c "     | " 87 1-2c "             |                |                         |

## FINEST LINE OF BLACK SILKS

Eyer shown in Concord, at prices that defy competition.

Large line of Fancy Trimming Silks, in shades to match everything in Dress Goods. Also a full line of Hosiery, Laces, Passementerie, Ornaments, Laces and Linen Collars, Handkerchiefs, Lace and Mull Ties, &c., &c., &c.

Sample orders by mail solicited and promptly answered.

# C. G. Blanchard,

North Main St., Concord, N. H.

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THE MYSTERY OF LOVE MAKING SOLVED

Or an Easy Road to Marriage.

A STRANGE & WONDERFUL BOOK

And the Witch Key to Love & Marriage.

It is the only book that will tell you how to win the heart of the girl of your choice, and how to keep her forever.

It is the only book that will tell you how to win the heart of the girl of your choice, and how to keep her forever.

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## The Famous Edison Musical Telephone.

You can laugh, talk, sing, and play tunes through it at a long distance. Children can read figures can play tunes at once. The tone is equal to any flute or clarinet. No knowledge of music required to play it. To enable any one, without the slightest knowledge of instrumental music, to perform at once on the instrument, we have prepared a series of tunes embracing all the popular airs, printed in simple figures on card to suit the instrument at a convenient distance from the mouth-piece, so that it can be easily read, and by means of which, any one, without the least musical knowledge, can perform on this instrument and play tunes at sight. Persons a little familiar with airs can play hundreds of tunes without any cards whatever. The musical telephone is more wonderful than the speaking telephone. All who call it will do besides instructing persons who do not understand notes to play tunes. "N. Y. Sun." The musical telephone is recognized as one of the most novel inventions of the age. "N. Y. Herald." Price \$2.50. Price by mail postage paid and registered \$3.00. No instrument sent by mail without being registered. Send money by P. O. order or registered letter.

Special notice.—The musical telephone can only be purchased of the manufacturers, The Edison Music Co., 215 and 217 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., or through their several branch houses throughout the United States.

In one hour you can play on the piano, organ or melodeon, with Edison's instantaneous music.

To any child who can read numbers from 1 to 100 it is as plain as daylight. No teacher required. All the popular tunes. Millions of our pieces now in use. Never fails to give satisfaction and amusement. Complete instructions, with seven pieces of music sent by mail for one dollar. Send money by mail postage paid and registered \$3.00. No instrument sent by mail without being registered. Send money by P. O. order or registered letter.

Edison's Music Co., 215 & 217 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Branch offices 280 West Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md., 308 N. 6th street, St. Louis, Mo., 25 6th avenue, New York, N. Y., 367 Washington street, Boston, Mass., 8 S. Queen street, Lancaster, Pa., Cor. 8th and Walnut, Camden, N. J.

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